

A Country Thanksgiving.  
Ay, good man, close the great barn door;  
The hollow harvest time is o'er!

The earth has given her treasures meagre,  
Or golden corn and hardened wheat.

You and your neighbors well have wrought,  
And of the summer's bounty caught;

Won from her smiles and from her tears

Much goods, perhaps, for many years.

One comes a tribute now to pay—

The bells proclaim Thanksgiving day.

Wall have you won, well have you reaped;

And of the riches you have heaped;

You think, perhaps, that you will give

& part, that others, too, may live.

But if such argument you use,

Your niggard bounty I refuse.

No gifts on the altar lay

In any sense are given away.

Lo! rings from Heaven a voice abroad:

"Who helps God's poor doth lend the Lord."

What is your wealth? He'd have you know

To have it, you name it go.

Think you the hand by Heaven struck cold

Will yet have power to hold its gold?

Sidrae have no pockets, do they say?

Behold, I show you then the way:

Wait not till death shall shut the door,

But send your cargoes on before.

Lo! he that giveth his heard

To help God's poor doth lend the Lord.

To-day, my brethren—do not wait;

Yours stands Dame Kelly's gate;

And would you build a mansion fair

In Heaven, send your lumber there.

Each stick that on your wood-pile lies

May rise & dome beyond the skies;

You stop the rents within her walls,

And you under rise your marble halls;

For every pane that stops the wind

There shineth one with jasper lined.

Your wealth is gone, your term lies cold;

But in the city paved with gold.

Your heard is held in hands divine;

It bears a name that marks it thine.

Behold the bargain ye have made;

With usury the debt is paid!

No moth doth eat, no thieves do steal;

No suffering heart doth envy teel.

Ring out the words, Who is your heard;

Both help God's poor doth lend the Lord!

Go get your cargoes under way;

The bells ring out Thanksgiving day!

## RED RIDING HOOD.

### A THANKSGIVING STORY.

Miss Dorothy Driscoll folded her plump hands over her shrimplike apron, and congratulated herself that the day had been so very pleasantly spent.

She had invited her little sister, Dorothy Bell—Dodie, for short—to come up to Grayville and spend Thanksgiving with her, and everything had been highly satisfactory. She had been highly satisfied, too, when she was seated in a little quiet and tame to Dodie, accustomed as she was to a household of noisy boys at home; but still Miss Dorothy thought it might be a pleasant change, even the quiet and the tameness; and she had been greatly pleased when her sister was frequently called upon to do a thousand things for those same boys whenever she had a holiday from school-teaching, and, therefore, holidays were often as much work-days as any other of the three hundred and sixty odd.

It was very pleasant Miss Dorothy's. She lived alone in a dear little cottage, and nothing whatever went wrong technically, though she was well educated that it was a relief to Dodie, after the wild, rather upside-down ways of things at home.

Dodie was a trim little village-looking not unlike the toy sets of houses and churches which children play with sometimes—the cottages were so very white, the shutters so very green, and the doors so very peaked and tidy.

Dodie had arrived the afternoon previous, and was met by Miss Dorothy, who greeted her warmly, saying as she stood down to embrace the little figure, which was obliged to stand on tiptoe to receive the kiss.

"What a little mite you are still! Not grown an atom, except in—ahem, well, if we're not afraid you would be vain, I'll say it out—but you are very, very mother, Dodie." I remember just how she looked at seventeen, and there wasn't a prettier girl in the country. How old are you?"

"I am not so very little," Miss Dorothy; but indeed she was the other day and I am almost four feet," and Dodie held herself very erect as she stood on beside Miss Dorothy's bright and breezy sofa.

"Well, I dare say what you lack in size you make up in quality, but I am very glad to see when is off you, I assure you. I am very, very pleasant Thanksgiving; it will be dull, no doubt, with no one but an old maid to talk to; still I like to hear all the girls going; I am a good girl for them, that my old, or rather my young, friend, Miss Woodman, was coming home; I dare say he is going to his grandfather's instead of his father's this Thanksgiving."

"As I care for a beau, Miss Dorothy!" cried Dodie, tossing her head indignantly. "Indeed, I am glad you and I are to be the boys at home, as well as those I have charge of at school, give me a surfeit of masculinity, so that when I want to have real good time I always prefer girls, and 'maiden meditation' far better."

Miss Dorothy smiled and shook her head at this uncommodious state of mind—at eighteen—but made no answer; she knew all the time was coming, as it comes to all.

But Dodie did enjoy the "quiet and tameness," nevertheless, and was so full of girlish sparkle and wit and merriment, that she was almost a genuine girl again herself. They had a village church in the morning, of course, and came home to a delicious dinner, with the pudding that Dodie remembered being so fond of when a child. Miss Dorothy had a few of the little nameless tarts, and tried to gratify them. After dinner, Miss Dorothy said, as she washed the dainty Wedgwood out of which they had drunk their afternoon tea cup of tea, that the Pratt had some of this pudding, she is so fond of my poly-roles, and I dare say her Thanksgiving has been measured enough."

"Let me carry her some, Miss Dorothy," I'd like to take a little walk through the woods this afternoon, and I can go while you take your nap, and be back in time to read the paper to you before tea."

"I don't really like it to Dodie dear! Well that is real kind. I'll put up a little basket of Thanksgiving right away, and you can start directly," she said, quickly; "it is

go up stairs and get on your things, and I will have it ready by the time you are down."

Miss Dorothy hustled about and prepared the dainty offering.

"There, I've got it to Dodie when she's back, opening the lid of the house, and displaying its contents. "I have put in a part of our last churning, a loaf of new bread, half a roast chicken, and some pudding and jelly."

"What a perfect Thanksgiving day it has been," said Dodie, taking the basket and lifting up her red lips for a kiss. "Good-bye, I'll see him again."

"It has been" was the low reply. "I have never had so much to be thankful for in all my life!" They had reached Miss Dorothy's gate, and the crimson skirt which Dodie had wound around her neck, and tied down under her chin, was smoothed down the shining breadth of a pink apron, the congratulation her.

"Well, Miss Dorothy, if I do, I hope my friends will like it," said Dodie, taking off the pink apron.

"Red Riding-Hood where a kind wood-cutter chopping wood near her heard Red Riding-Hood's screams and comes to her rescue, and gets married in a pot of ashes," and Dodie kissed her hand, and ran laughing out of the gate and up the road toward the piece of woods which separated our ardent Pratt from his beloved friend, well-made village cottage. It was a bright, clear, cold day, the ground was frozen, and walking good.

Crossing a field of stubble, Dodie was about to cross the path of the farmer, when he stopped her, and the two knew each other. Red Riding-Hood's screams and comes to her rescue, and gets married in a pot of ashes," and Dodie kissed her hand, and ran laughing out of the gate and up the road toward the piece of woods which separated our ardent Pratt from his beloved friend, well-made village cottage. It was a bright, clear, cold day, the ground was frozen, and walking good.

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